



## The Quiet Courage of Women

By Maud Pouncefoot.

Manly Courage Usually Physical and Brilliant—Womanly Courage Long-Suffering and without Glory—Many Do Not Realize Their Bravery—Patient Endurance of Straitened Circumstances and Unhappy Homes—Disappointment Concealed with a Smile—Hardships Endured by Refined Women Whom Misfortune Has Overtaken.

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(The Hon. Maud Pouncefoot is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Pouncefoot, first ambassador from Great Britain to the United States. During the long and honorable career of her distinguished father in this country the British embassy was one of the chief centers of social life in Washington.)

The courage of men is one of the many wonders of the human race. If it were not for this indisputable fact the world would not be conquered and the greater part of it rendered habitable by the courage and industry of man. Especially in America do we realize what this courage has done. When we read of the hardships undergone by the pilgrims—women and men alike—and the struggle that went on to make homes for themselves and their children, we begin to understand that were it not for the indomitable courage shown by them the United States might not now be holding its proud position among the world's greatest nations. A witty lawyer once remarked that the pilgrim mothers deserve the greatest credit. He said: "How few sympathize with the pilgrim mothers! Yet, added to all else, they had to put up with the pilgrim fathers as well."

We have soldiers and sailors facing every kind of horrible death in defense of home and country; firemen, whose calling is necessarily a very perilous one, fighting flames to save life and property; policemen contending with people maddened by drink or mobs incited to insubordination through evil advice given by socialists and anarchists; mariners, who by steam and sail are in hourly danger of storms with nothing but a plank between them and eternity, and yet they face the ocean calmly and fearlessly to bring their ship and its living freight safe to port. The ranchmen and shepherds, in guarding and herding their cattle, run great chances every winter, but with that unerring adherence to duty which is the mainspring of the whole result they take those chances.

Women seldom have physical courage, though there are several historical instances of it. There was Joan of Arc. There were the women in Holland, who helped defend the cities against overwhelming odds. Even now one frequently reads in the daily papers of one woman protecting a house against a burglar or performing other heroic acts, but usually woman's courage comes out in a far quieter and a more long-suffering form, with no glory attached to it.

Washington is a spot to make one reflect on the courage of women. To see the daily defile at 4 o'clock from the departments, where 1,000 women are employed, is magnificent, now that wage-earning for women is an established fact.

No one knows what courage is needed for a woman constitutionally nervous to have to be on time early every morning at an office winter and summer, know or heat; but the determination to do or die keeps them up, for the mainspring of a woman's life—love—helps them along. There is usually a mother or sister or there are children whose very existence depends on the vigor of one member of the family. For them the woman works unceasingly, uncomplainingly and devotedly.

The salaries are high in government employ; so, with some little addition, a manless household can get along, but it is a struggle.

to more fortunate sisters, making no complaint and not realizing how brave they are in this daily battle.

There is also the courage of enduring an unhappy home. Where murmurs or complaints would sound badly to women often bear bravely a life of petty nagging and even actual unhappiness which would set a man crazy or make him leave home; but a woman cannot leave home and go out into the world unless she has another assured home to go to. The censorious would remark if she left, that her proper place was in her home, that she must be mad or bad or both; so she has to stay and bear the burden till possibly death relieves the tension which enforced silence has made almost unendurable and yet is patiently endured.

Then there is the endless chain of loveless marriages. There are the cases where perhaps another woman has snatched the cup from the lip. But a brave smile deceives the world, though often covering an aching wound.

If a woman plays fast and loose with a man and eventually declares herself engaged to another—certainly most reprehensible behavior in any one—she is considered rightly a cruel flirt, a heartless wretch. Men do this thing every day, but few such epithets are hurled at them. Here to-day and gone to-morrow is the motto of many.

One of the reasons they escape blame is that a woman hides all she feels and, bravely smiling, goes around doing her daily work and never letting the pain appear, even if her heart is breaking. It is not a mere saying that the heart breaks. A man put in the same position goes away by himself, becomes as sulky as a bear—grumpy—and declines further intercourse with his kind till he has more or less recovered.

Such is the difference in the status of man and woman.

"A thousand steps must a woman take, While a man a single jump need make."

As women have to bring up the rising generation more depends on them personally than on men. It therefore behooves women to try to mold their own characters, above all to control their tempers, to avoid all feelings of favoritism, as children are so quick at finding out those things and as result become morbid and jealous. The imitative talent of children is appalling, and in a man or woman of little control of character one recognizes the development of the weak character of the mother who failed in the training of the individual. Naturally as people grow older they can improve themselves, but grown people are rarely told of their faults and many faults are glaring to outsiders while the person is absolutely unconscious of their possession, accounting for the many nervous, selfish and uncontrolled women to be met.

Where necessity drives, the character, no doubt, strengthens. Adversity is a hard taskmaster and in most cases what persons do not endure themselves they cannot realize for others.

Of the many splendid and excellent charities and endowments given to America, with noble generosity by men who in many cases have made their millions themselves, as, for example, the Stanford university, the Johns Hopkins hospital, the endless hospitals in New York given and endowed by private munificence, and the libraries now sprinkled over a large area by Mr. Carnegie, one gift which does not make so much stir in the world and one which fills a great need is Mr. Corcoran's Louise home. Mr. Corcoran was a great benefactor. After the war many women, accustomed to all luxuries, were left in sad straits; so he built this fine mansion to give them the shelter that they had been accustomed to, and which without him would have been almost impossible to attain.

Great fortunes are now frequently made and generous impulses are ever rising so that perhaps some day it may occur to a philanthropist that a house somewhat on the lines of Mr. Corcoran's thought would be a god send in Washington. It should be an apartment house in which there was no limit of age, and where there were few hard and fast rules, such as dividing families. There mother and daughter need not be divided, nor two sisters; they could have an apartment to themselves, perhaps paying a sum toward a general mess, in which case the rooms, the warming and the gas would be given free. Then the salary or annuity would cover expenses without a care. If ever this can be accomplished Washington is the place for it, for it is there that so many come whose professions bring them to the capital to live on salaries which die with the worker.

There the army and navy, diplomats, men in all government employ go to live and they gather from all parts of the union, frequently ending their careers in Washington, leaving their wives and daughters—women unaccustomed to work—in many cases with very meager annuities. If these could get comfortably housed, rent free, in a befitting manner they would get along comfortably enough with out the daily struggle of life's battle. This charity would certainly help a class of brave women and give them a feeling of home and a possibility of security which, with the hand-to-mouth existence they must lead, is far from being the lot of most of them at present.

Folly of Impatience.

Chinese proverb: A little impatience subverts great undertakings.

### A FORWARD MISS.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the child of today is the pity-misericordist sort of tender shoot it ought to be. One of female gender approached me in a side street the other day. She was about seven, and possessed an unmistakable air of refinement and good breeding that arrested my attention. Seeing my regard, she looked up and said:

"Mornin', Cardinal; has anyone seen our cat circumambulating round this district?"

"I was so taken aback that I made no reply."

"Speak up, Lord William," said the child. "Don't say you've had your voice turned off at the main. I'm one cat short—she's long and thin, with tortoise-shell points, sound in wind and limb, city broke, stands without hitching, and answers to the name of Winifred Ermintrude Brown. Where is she, colonel?"

"Young lady," said I, "I do not quite follow you."

"I do not ask you to follow me, grandpa," she replied. "I addressed you without prejudice. I'm not trying to score off you. Either you've seen our cat or you haven't. If you haven't, we'll part friends with no clothes torn. But if you have, I would request you to dig up, excavate, produce and relinquish the cat forthwith. Failing which—well, I shall apply for a discovery."

"I haven't seen your cat," I said.

"Is that a true bill?" she replied.

"No go in cats? Nothing doing in the feline way?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Then, tra-la-la, Charlie, I go to seek my cat elsewhere." And with a curtsey she withdrew.

### COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

"Er—er—this can't be the place," stammered the city visitor as he dropped his bags on the platform and hurriedly wiped his glasses. "Here, my good man, is this Caryville and that magnificent building up there among those trees the 'Caryl House'?"

"Wal, I guess as how you've got it about right, stranger. What's bittin' you?" answered the native with true country interest.

"Oh, I was sure I had made a mistake," said the visitor, laughing hysterically, "because those buildings and the scenery tally exactly with the descriptions and pictures in the Summer Vacationists' Catalogue."—Puck.

### NO OBLIGATION.



The Angry Man—I won't stand it! Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey me?

The Woman—Yes, but that minister had known me since I was a child, and he—he knew I was just bluffing!—Cleveland Leader.

### Striving to Please.

He tried to smile his cares away  
And in a very little while  
He overheard his neighbors say  
He wore an idiotic smile.

He got to looking sober then,  
But still his case was very sad,  
For everywhere he ventured men  
Spoke gibberly of the grouch he had.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

### When the Wind Blows Right.

Stranger—How far is it to the stockyards?

Native—Right here. Can't you tell by your nose?

Stranger—No; been smelling just like this ever since I came in sight of the town.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Mutual Service.

"You always start the phonograph when that young man calls."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He thinks it is a polite attention on my part and it protects me from his tiresome efforts at conversation."—Washington Star.

### No Need to Steal.

Stella—Jack stole a kiss from me last night.

Mabel—Poor fellow!

Stella—Why do you say that?

Mabel—Had he been wealthy there would have been no occasion for him to steal it.—Chicago Daily News.

### Merely a Delusion.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" asked the surgeon, probing away.

"No," answered the patient, through his set teeth. "I only think it does."—Chicago Tribune.

### How She Earned It.

"Where did Maudie get that dandy \$500 gown?"

"She earned it by writing an article on 'How I Dress on \$50 a Year.'"

Judge.

### Talking On and Off the Stage.

"A monologue artist on the stage is usually a man," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "in real life it is usually a woman."—Yonkers Statesman.

### OASES OF CHILE'S DESERT.

They Play a Great Part in Development of Nitrate Beds.

Northern Chile, which is so largely mountain or desert, is generally regarded as a forbidding wilderness, but here may be found a number of oases, the most conspicuous of which are Pica and Matilla.

It has been found that in various parts of the great Atacama desert the earth underneath the surface layer of sand or salt is sufficiently moist to grow crops, capillary attraction spreading the water through the soil.

The rainless Atacama desert is the scene of the greatest industry of its kind in the world, yielding enormous quantities of nitrates used to enrich the fields of Europe and the United States.

The oases play a very important economic role in the industries of the region, supplying vegetables and food stuffs for the support of the workmen, alfalfa for the cattle and various fruits, and also serving as timber producers for the nitrate works, which require much fuel.

There is no part of the world where agriculture is more intensively carried on than in these green spots in the Atacama desert.—Zion's Herald.

### WHITE ISLAND.

One of New Zealand Group Always Enveloped in Clouds of Steam.

White island derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which it appears to be continually enveloped. Its area is only 600 acres and its height about 880 feet above sea level.

In form and color it is like a reposing camel, while its interior, with its gray, weather-beaten, almost perpendicular cliffs, recalls the Coliseum at Rome. Overhanging the southern landing place stands a column of rock closely resembling a sentinel, which has been dedicated to the memory of Capt. Cook. The water of the island is of a pale green hue and anything dipped into it becomes a red brick color. The fumes of sulphur are always plainly perceptible.

On a fine moonlight night a wonderful sight is afforded to anyone who will sit in an open boat in one of the lakes of the island. Covering an area of 50 acres is an immense cauldron, hissing and snorting and sending forth volumes of poisonous steam, while all chances of egress appear to be denied by the steep, silent and gloomy cliffs.—British Australian.

### American Coinage.

Ninety per cent. of the coinage by the United States in the fiscal year of 1908 consisted of gold eagles, a coin which probably not one in a hundred people sees as often as once a year. Altogether the coinage of the country comprised 17 different varieties, seven of which were for the Philippine islands in pesos and centavos, and one of which of the same denomination was for account of the Mexican government. The number of pennies turned out averaged a little less than one for each inhabitant. The total coinage for continental United States was \$215,714,862. This has been one of the most active years in the history of national minting. Of this amount \$179,238,337 were in gold and \$16,532,477 in silver, or about the ratio of one of silver to 12 of gold.—Wall Street Journal.

### Disappearance of the Eland.

Among the rapidly disappearing wild animals is the eland or Cape elk, which is a native of South Africa and one of the largest antelopes, and is especially prized as furnishing the best of all venison. Schemes for preservation include a plan for domesticating it and making it perform an important share of the farm work of Cape Colony. The beast is easily captured, thrives under the new conditions, and in an experiment in the M'Chekwe district of Mashonaland two eland stags were used for a considerable time for drawing wagons, proving docile and tractable. Healthy calves were born in captivity. The animal seems to be proof against the common diseases of farm stock, and its flesh is desirable for beef and its hide for leather.

### At Bannockburn.

A splenetic Englishman, trying to badger a Scotchman who was something of a wit, declared that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. "Tastes differ," replied the Scot, suavely. "I'll take ye to a place in Scotland not far frae Stirling whaur threety thousand of your countrymen ha' been for 500 years, an' they've nae thought o' leavin' yet."

### No Need To.

"Do you know that Mr. Thompson I was just speaking to?" asked the lady at the tea party of the one standing next to her.

"Oh, yes."

"I suppose he says those sweet things to all the women he meets?"

"No," he never says them to me."

"Indeed? And you know him?"

"Oh, yes, I'm his wife!"—Stray Stories.

### No Half-Way Measures.

"I tried to compliment that opera singer but he seems offended."

"What did you say?"

"I said I considered him the greatest living tenor."

"You should have told him that he is the greatest tenor that ever lived and that after his death real music can survive only by means of the phonograph."

## MAIDS AND A MILLIONAIRE

By Stuart B. Stone.

Mr. Pelham was much exasperated when his big six-cylinder Red Death limped up to the Sign of the Brown Flag. There was mud on his back and mud on his chauffeur's back and all kinds of broken little bolt-and-nut things groined and jangled beneath the car. Also Mr. Pelham was ravenously, maddeningly hungry.

It was because of these things that Mr. Pelham planned the most delicious sarcasm for the waiter who should come for his order. He had in mind to call the lingering attendant Mr. Tortoise and then to request him to lubricate his joints.

And then the awning doors opened and something entered that choked the half-uttered rage on the young man's lips. The something was a rosy, radiant, brown-eyed child, who smiled saucily at Mr. Pelham as she patted her thick coiled hair.

"Your order, please," she asked so that the young man could not say whether she jested.

Very doubtfully, very awkwardly he commanded that roast beef and fish and pale ale and paler cheese be brought, and the brown-eyed girl disappeared, with the millionaire's eyes following her closely. And Mr. Pelham was not sure but that she chuckled.

For 20 long minutes he sat at the empty board until the pleasing reverie of the brown-eyed maid gave gradually away. At the ticking of the twenty-first minute the doors swung back again and another dream passed before the gaze of the hungry man. This was a fairer, maturer vision—a vision with hair like spun gold and eyes like the Tuscan sky. The most diverting dimple played upon the pink cheek as she placed an empty plate and shining cutlery before the dazed young man.

"I am desperately hungry, madam," groaned Mr. Pelham.

"The supper is in preparation," the vision reassured him, as she seemed to drift from the room.

For five minutes more Mr. Pelham half-dreamed, half-fretted, by his empty plate; and then a great-limbed, beautiful Juno appeared with a bowl of shimmering, steaming stuff. This she brought over to the wondering man and would have set it before him, but the toe of Juno caught on an earthly chair and a third of the Juno-esque stew went—slosh!—in the millionaire's lap.

"Zounds, madam!" raged Mr. Pelham. "Is this a den of torture?"

But Juno had gone, with the haughtiest "Sir!" and Pelham could but goggle the unspilled two-thirds while he rubbed at his burned, soaked leg.

It was a red-haired damsel who brought Mr. Pelham's meat, but the creamy tinting of her features appealed to him most of all. Still she ruined his beef with overturned vinegar and giggled. And the fifth, a nut-brown maiden of charm, stepped upon his tenderest corn. And the last fair maid smiled mockingly through clear gray eyes as she asked if he was entirely satisfied.

"Entirely," beamed Mr. Pelham. Though it had taken two hours for the feast of beef and beauty, Mr. Pelham was now really complacent. He nestled behind the Adirondack Weekly Pioneer, and the first thing was this:

"Misses Eunice, Edna, Era, Elma, Erica and Elf, daughters of Host Palmer of the Brown Flag, are at home from Vassar."

"Well, blast me!" said Mr. Pelham. "I didn't think they could be domestics." He picked his gold-rimmed teeth, then muttered in satisfaction: "It is the prettiest place in the hills. I think I shall stay a bit."

As the shadows fell lights loomed in the little parlor and the sounds of musical strumming came to Mr. Pelham, at his smoking on the porch. The music lured. At the window he halted and peered in.

The gorgeous, glorious six sat, dazlingly gowned, playing, laughing, chattering, cooling in corners with galleons. Twenty-three swains from the hills strolled about, turned music, murmured compliments, looked tenderly. From the corner nearest him Mr. Pelham caught the words of a silvery voice:

"Oh, that fellow in the auto—he was a joke. We took the conceit out of him all right!" and three young men slapped their thighs, laughing in a grating bass.

A hoarse voice rang out in the night. It was Pelham, the young millionaire, calling to his man of the goggles and lever:

"Bring the Red Death around. Who wants to stay in this hole, anyhow!"

### Island Cheaply Bought.

In Southwest bay, in the New Hebrides group, there is a small wooded island of considerable height above the sea, although only a few hundred yards in circumference. The story of its acquisition is a curious one. Southwest bay used to be considered a good place for target practice by the British m-m-of-war on patrol duty there, and this small islet was used as a target so frequently that it seemed in danger of being gradually shot away. The chief who owned it, protested and wanted compensation. The captain of a man-of-war, who understood the natives, knew that these claims would be a ceaseless source of blackmail unless they were settled once for all, so he bought the island for the British crown, paying ten sticks of tobacco for it, and every one was satisfied. The place since then has been known as "Ten Stick Island."

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